

**SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES**  
Morning—Evening—Sunday  
J. M. STEPHENSON, Publisher.  
Member:  
**Associated Press—United Press**  
**International News Service**  
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Phone: Main 2100—2101—2102. (Branch Exchange).  
**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
Carrier Service:  
Morning and Sunday, per week . . . . . 20 Cents  
Evening and Sunday, per week . . . . . 20 Cents  
Subscriber with Sunday, one year . . . . . \$10.00  
By Mail:  
Morning and Sunday, on rural routes, one year . . . \$5.00  
All others by mail . . . . . \$7.50  
Entered at South Bend Post Office as Second Class Mail.  
FEBRUARY 1, 1922

**CHOKED WITH BUTTER.**  
Kenyon—good fighter, heroic and courageous statesman, leader of the little group which championed the interests of the farmer, passed.  
Kenyon, the judge, interpreter of laws, dealer in abstract principles, searcher for technicalities, enters.  
The announcement that Sen. Kenyon, of Iowa, is to be made a federal judge, on its face, might appear as a merited reward and a promotion in public service.  
As a matter of fact and politics, it is the removal of a thorn from the flesh of the old conservative group in the senate, the side-tracking of an independent who placed principle above party.  
"Choking cats with butter" has always been a favorite method of political assassination with those who could be neither frightened nor cajoled nor bribed.  
Kenyon offended that Old Guard group of his party when he pitilessly exposed the social lobby at Washington which was working in the interests of Newberry. His finger pointed to the White House when he told of dinners and parties that were being used to turn men away from conscience in order to gain votes for condonation of corrupt use of money in elections.  
His conscience was not to be lightly laid aside at the behest of party whips—or of presidents. He was a "dangerous" man, dangerous to privileged interests, dangerous to practical politics, dangerous to the devious schemes of those who control government.  
To defeat Kenyon in his own state of Iowa was impossible and so the same old trick of luring dangerous men by other offices was tried on Kenyon—and it worked.  
Do not blame Kenyon. Fighting the battles of the people is a wearisome and a thankless job. It means the turning away from those who should be friends. It means the sacrifice of ordinary pleasures and a constant warfare with the ungodly.  
Do not blame him if he grew tired when he was compelled, day after day, to face hostile criticism from the president, who had boldly denounced the agricultural bloc of which he was leader.  
Do not blame him if he yielded to the impulse to seek the quiet haven of the bench where he deals no longer with human beings, no longer is harried and worried by the ingratitude of men, but finds a place where his days will be spent in the studious inquiry into law, rather than in the virile, active, grilling search for justice.  
A great tribute was paid to the agricultural bloc, which Harding hated, when the president named this man to the bench. It was a confession that the bloc could not be destroyed by open fighting and runs on fundamental justice for its appeal.  
It is likely that others will be shelved in the same way and that new faces will be sought in the senate, faces of men who do not rebel, who stand hitched, who can be ordered by the Watsons of the party and relied upon to obey.  
If you think of Kenyon, as you must, think of him with pity—for the day will come when the gown of judge will hang heavy upon his shoulders as he is doomed by tradition and custom to sniff the real battle from afar and never break his lance against the armor of conscription.  
Kenyon passes from the active field—but the battle goes on.

**YES, MEN ARE HONEST.**  
Robbers, burglars and embezzlers stole three hundred and fifty millions of dollars last year.  
A man who, 10 years ago, beat the ferry owners out of a five-cent fare, sends the nickel to the San Francisco office in order to ease his conscience.  
If you think of the first sum, it might lead to the sweeping conclusion that men are all thieves or burglars, for the total is amazing until you stop to consider that it represents only one dollar out of every \$15 earned by the American people last year.  
You get a better slant on life from the five-cent conscience tribute of the man who had escaped detection, but whose mind could not forget his own dishonesty.  
Most people are that way, and not even an unusual wave of crime can blot out the fact that it is not the police or the courts or the law that protects civilization but the inherent honesty of men themselves.  
The breakers of law may escape the police, but they cannot escape themselves.  
The thieves may dodge the sentence of courts, but they live under the perpetual condemnation of their own conscience.  
Robbers may get away with their loot, but they cannot unload the burdens they have placed upon their own memories.  
The final sentence is never pronounced by a judge nor does the jailer who turns the key upon the locked cell execute the final judgment.  
Over and above all the machinery of men is the nature of man and out of centuries of savagery has come the thing called conscience that keeps men honest.  
Do not be alarmed when you are told that \$250,000,000 was stolen last year.  
Suppose it were 10 times that sum. It would not matter as long as the great force which commanded the sending back of the purloined nickel is working in the soul of humanity and keeping men honest.

**WHY HARD TIMES?**  
What started this business depression? Long-haired economists advance different theories.  
One theory is that prices and prosperity and hard times travel in cycles, like the teeth of a saw, roughly 20 years up, 20 years down. This theory is advanced by economists who have noted that panics come periodically.  
Another theory is that people, during periods of prosperity, go on a spending jag. Then the thrift instinct, which makes squirrels hoard nuts for winter, asserts itself. People stop buying, production falls off, men are thrown out of work.  
Psychologists step in at this point and talk about "social hysteria"—the emotional waves that periodically sweep a nation or the world and start wars, religious revivals, dancing epidemics and reform movements like prohibition.  
Supporting this theory: The present world depression first showed itself, faintly, in India, early in 1920. It broke out violently in the Japanese silk market in March, 1920, traveled round the world, reached us two months later.  
None of these theories gets to the bottom of the matter.  
The first symptom of business depression in America was the "overall parade." It was a red-flag warning that people were about to stop buying.  
Why did they stop? High prices were only partly to blame. People, flush with money, will pay any price, as long as they get real value.  
The overall parades started when people discovered that, in most cases, they couldn't get certain articles of clothing of good quality at any price. You recall those days. It seemed that nearly everything went to pieces almost as soon as it was put to use.  
People rebelled at inferior quality. Prices were secondary.  
When all is said and done, the causes of hard times are spiritual.  
Every action has an equal and counteracting reaction. There are rare exceptions, proving the rule, but the great underlying law of economics is that Emerson called the law of compensation—we get out of life no more than we give.  
Honest value and hard work produce prosperity. After a while, prosperity makes many people reckless, greedy and dishonest. The reaction from this is hard times, sent by a wise providence to cleanse our economic morals.  
You've noticed that you're getting better quality now. That means, we're on the road back to good times.  
There'd never be a panic if every one always gave honest value.

**\$15 SAVES A LIFE.**  
Fifteen millions of farmers, scattered over a territory 800 miles long and 500 miles wide, are dying for lack of food.  
Fathers and mothers are abandoning their babes in railway depots, in front of city buildings, in alleys in order that they may not see them die of starvation.  
In one "childless home," a place where these babes are taken by men who are themselves growing gaunt for lack of food, 35 children died in one day—the day that Miss Lucy Brannan, who spoke at the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday, visited the place.  
The great tragedy of history is being enacted in the Russian farming center and this woman brought to South Bend something of the appeal for aid and for life which she caught in the dying cries of the children of that great district.  
Those who have held aloof from any sympathy with these people because of the rule of Bolshevism over Russia would revise their ideas after the personal description given of the scenes and of the causes.  
It was a drought, widespread and devastating that created this condition. The only contribution that Bolshevism gave was the fact that no stable government was able to give the proper aid or purchase supplies for these starving peasants it controlled.  
They had planted the crops. They had tried their best to raise food. But no rains came and their parched, baked clays burned the blades of corn and wheat and they entered upon the winter with only a small supply of food and no hope of getting any relief except in America.  
This government is aiding to the extent of twenty millions of dollars but this will not save the lives of all; in fact it will reach but a small percentage of those in dire need.  
Sec'y of Commerce Hoover, in charge of the relief, says that \$15 will save a human life. There are fifteen millions condemned to starvation. The twenty millions of government funds will save but a million and a half. One out of every ten is doomed to death before spring comes unless other aid is given.  
It is no time to stop and prate about the rule of Lenin and Trotsky. That argument is overwhelmed in the chorus of death rattles from the throats of children.  
It is no time to stop and say that there is no government in Russia which is fit to associate with other nations. Babies are dying.  
If one of these starving babies were on your own doorstep, you would not hesitate to bring it in and feed it.  
If one of these desperate fathers or heartbroken mothers crawled to your kitchen, you would take them in and aid them.  
If you saw a human creature freezing for lack of clothes, ragged and forlorn, you would search the attic for that unused garment.  
The call will shortly be made for a very small contribution to help save the people of one district, set aside by Sec'y Hoover as the special objects of Indiana aid.  
Before you turn down any appeal, ask yourself whether you would give any part of \$15 to save a human life.

**Other Editors Than Ours**  
**CHOICES.**  
(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)  
All through life we must keep choosing. Dearly hangs on "yes" and "no." As we look back it is to wonder what would have happened if we had gone the other way where the road forked. Many of us feel misplaced in a vocation. We keep on in the furrow where we are because it seems too late to change or there are some whose welfare we cannot jeopardize. We chide ourselves that we made a wrong decision long ago.  
On life's bargain-counter are wares piled up for the pleasing of all tastes. We marvel that some eagerly select what we contemptuously reject. In other people's houses we find a style of furnishing that we could not agree to live with. Music or painting or literature that is meat for one mind is poison to another. Our tastes are as various as our natures. The spiritual and the sentimental, the refined and the devout, find a charm between the things they care to do and the vulgar, soulless pursuits of those who live ephemeral, like the brutes, with no need to answer anything but the crude, elemental physical appetites.  
How can Nature originate so great a variety of patterns? We speak of the mass of mankind, the proletariat, the public, as if it was all one. But it presents a bewildering variegation. Human beings are as different from one another as their prenatal influences and their environments and their personal natures are different. Flesh and blood can never be run in a mold of monotonous uniformity. The fascination of travel is in the endless variety of mankind that one encounters more than in silent buildings or inarticulate scenery.  
The choice of personal associates is the all-influencing choice. To go wrong here is the likeliest way to cripple one's chances of eminence or of plain, everyday success. A man goes into business with partners guilty of malfeasance, and they pull him down. A woman marries the wrong husband, and though her courage may keep her at the sticking point and may enable her to preserve the appearance of domestic felicity, all that makes for the ideal relationship is absent. The fundaments of happiness is not in things, but in people. Those of us who are thoroughly normal cannot get along without congenial society. The kind of persons we choose to be with is the first and surest indication of character. The worst must be uneasy and unhappy in the company of the worst; and the best will naturally seek the best.  
What a man chooses, he is.

**The Tower of Babel**  
Bill Armstrong  
Our idea of conservatism is for a guy who has been drinking hooch to chew cloves before he talks to his wife over the telephone.  
Charley Brenfleck has recently installed a netting over his pickle barrel on account of repeated attacks on the barrel by E. H. Metz, the noted publisher.  
**CREDIT WHERE DUE.**  
Perry Barrett, out to Notre Dame, coming to a hard question on his examination paper, wrote for his answer: "God only knows, I don't."  
The paper came back with the following correction in the professor's handwriting: "God gets the credit you don't."  
**IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL.**  
(She is a little winded today.)  
**DIRE BILLS.**  
You seen Mame and I when we was going to Theodore last nite I didn't wanna go but I was glad when I got there because as soon as Mame and me horned into our seats the movie was just settin grand a gent was just gettin kilt with her hair pin which was a dagger all the time the Vitally boy was playing a piece on the orchestra called a love theme which was just beautiful the violins came in so pretty and sweet that I felt all quivery all along my spine. Theodore is a girl whose pa run a circus or a animal show which has lions and she was familiar with them beasts from childhood. She marries the king after he sees her in the garden which they calls it only it looked like a park to me.  
Her temper was something fine I'm a tellin ya, mame. When she got mad or didn't need anybody round any more she sickt lions on them and they eat everybody up. There was two fellows named Andy and Marcel and Andy had on an armor and some B V D's and Marcel had on a male coat which was quite swell clothes them days. Marcel got cut off from Andy by a door which Theodore lockt and that's how he gets kilt. It was her who done it as I sez before well after this Marcel feller got slush and trode in the Bosforus the curtain went up and there was the purtiest love scene on the stage with a moon an ocean an a mountain and the orchestra plaid to this quite while then they plaid a piece I herd Gilmore's hand pla when I was a kid called Trovatore or something like that with a anvil that the man hit and made just beautiful sparks like I used to see in E. E. Beins blacksmith shop over on Joseph street. When they got thru plain this piece they commenced the

**Just Folks** By Edgar A. Guest  
**THE LIVING.**  
You will praise him when he's gone.  
When his earthly struggle closes  
You may send the florist's roses  
His dark bier to lie upon;  
When he cannot hear or see,  
You will say friendly to him,  
But 'twere better far, he'd vow,  
If he had your friendship now.  
You will speak about his worth  
When he has no need of fame,  
You will glorify his name  
When at last he quits the earth;  
And if he should die today,  
Many kindly things you'd say,  
But I wonder why do men  
Always seem to wait till then?  
**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By James J. Montague  
**THE USES OF BAD HABITS.**  
We smoke a little, now and then,  
But not because we need  
A stimulant to stir our pen,  
And find one in the weed.  
We smoke because, if we fall ill  
By swooning off a spell,  
We give our nerves a rest until  
We're well.  
We take a glass from time to time,  
Though not because we think  
That writing prose or building  
rhyme  
Is helped at all by drink;  
But it, exposed to wintry air,  
We get a cold or cough,  
We cure it readily by swear-  
ing off.  
We loat whenever there's a chance,  
Though, while our sands have  
run,  
We've never seen a man advance  
By leaving things undone;  
But when we lag along the track  
Because we've been a shirk,  
We please the boss by getting back  
To work.  
Bad habits, we do not believe,  
Have helped a single soul  
In any effort to achieve  
A creditable goal.  
But if he has a few, a chap  
In danger of a flop  
Has always got a handicap  
To drop.  
(Copyright, 1922.)  
**A NEEDED LESSON.**  
Germany ought to be made  
to pay up, if for no other reason than  
to teach her that she lost the war.  
**SLOWER OVER THERE.**  
They have seized the automobile  
of the defaulting Italian bank di-  
rectors. When our bank directors  
default it is too late to find their  
automobiles.  
**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**  
Young John D. has faith in China.  
That is probably because he has  
works there.  
**YANKES GO TO HOT SPRINGS.**  
The advance guard of the New  
York Americans have left for Hot  
Springs, Ark., to steam up for the  
opening of the season. You're  
probably tied down here and can't  
pep up your system with a climate  
change. Invigorate yourself with a  
Hot Springs Turkish Bath in the  
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Ask for Frank. 261f

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**Who Is Your Executor?**  
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